

Untitled Stranger Things Ficlet by jono74656

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Horny Teenagers, M/M, Mutual Masturbation, Post-Canon, Remote Viewing, Voyeurism, consensual voyeurism

Language: English

Characters: Eleven | Jane Hopper, Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

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Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Underage

Chapters: 1

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Summary:

At 9 o'clock, Mike puts on a show for an unseen watcher.

Just a quick idea which ambushed my brain and demanded to be written.

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Author's Note:

I'm placing them both around 15/16 for this one, so a year or two post-canon.

One of the manifestations of El's abilities seems a lot like remote viewing, and this is definitely one way for a couple of horny teens to take advantage of that.

Hope you enjoy.

9 o'clock. In the past it had meant tuning his walkie talkie to the frequency that gave nothing but static, the one that El could hear with her powers, and just talking. Pouring out everything he was feeling, or even just recounting how his day had been.

Knowing that even if she couldn't talk back, El could hear him, wherever she was.

Even when the Byers and El had moved away, she could hear him. Could know he was thinking of her.

But now that they were back; now that Hopper had dragged himself back from Russia, leaving a reported smoking crater where a military research facility had been, and now that they were a little older, 9 o'clock meant something different, something *more*.

Nowadays, 9 o'clock meant Mike using the new lock that his parents had just allowed him to have on his bedroom door; stripping down after his shower and sprawling on his bed naked, touching himself while the heat flushed from his cheeks down his chest until his cock swelled and pinked in his hand.

Tweaking his nipples to peaks, rolling his balls in his hand, throwing his head back and moaning, trusting to the noise of the television in the living room to stop his parents hearing him.

Showing everything he liked, every touch that brought him pleasure. Putting on a show for his unseen watcher.

Until his pleasure peaked, ankles digging into the bedsheets as his back arched a little, her name a gasped prayer on his lips and he shot his load up his chest, painting himself from nipples to the hollow of his navel, and sank back, flushed and sweating with sudden exhaustion.

Legs splayed, skin flushed. Panting with every muscle pleasure-slack and gloriously relaxed.

Once he got his breath back, he winked for the benefit of his watcher, then grabbed the pack of wipes off his nightstand and gave himself a cursory wipe down; before flicking off the lamp and rolling over, pulling the sheet over his naked body.

He was asleep in minutes.

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Cheeks flushed, and with wetness between her legs, El reached up with a trembling hand and pulled the blindfold off.

Strictly speaking she didn't need it anymore, but it did help her focus when using her powers like this, and at 9 o'clock she *needed to focus. Needed to drink in every sigh, every moan, every sign of Mike's pleasure that she committed to memory.*

When they got the chance, when they were ready; she wanted to know what to do. Wanted to know how to touch Mike to bring him the same level of pleasure he displayed for her every night.

Wanted to hear him moan her name for real.

She slipped beneath her covers, and closed her eyes. In her mind she heard Mike gasping and moaning, and with her cheeks flushed again she reached between her legs, and gasped.